







# Oral Love Techniques

THE MATTER to be discussed is connected with the fact that oral/genital contact is an unnatural act. Let the appalled reader imagine that I have cast off my libertarian cloak and revealed the sinister lineaments of the repressive mind, let it be im-

mediately added that unnatural is not the same as undesirable. Kissing is an unnatural act, in the sense that the chief biological purpose of the mouth is the reception of organic nutriment. Pressing one's lips against another person's lips has no evolutionary function.

Now the biological or evolutionary purpose of the genitals is, of course, the procreative act of sexual intercourse. All its glands, tissues and nerves are adapted to this end. What is their relevance to the 'unnatural' act of fellatio or cunnilingus?







Let us first consider the various variations of the genitalia. Pre-occupied amongst these is, of course, semen with its vital cargo of spermatozoa. What is the significance of this in fertility? Pre-occupied more simply should it be considered or not?

Perhaps a personal anecdote would be pertinent here. I first experienced fertility in a most (but euphemistic) hotel in Tunisia. I was a national serviceman, just turned, usually very naive, so much so that the French girl I had encountered at the bar had shamelessly in some hotel and virtually drag me upstairs to a bedroom. It was a luxurious little room without windows, but with indirect lighting, a good carpet, a large bed, wash-basin and toilet. The girl appears to my memory as young and attractive but it was long ago. I may say she spoke no English and I, at that time, virtually no French. She helped me to undress, led me to the wash-basin, washed me, led me to the bed and pressed me down













on my back. She then undressed completely. The girl then followed me. I was fairly disappointed at the development since I had anticipated sexual intercourse, albeit with fear about the possibility of contracting a venereal complaint, a misfortune which, I was vaguely aware, the army much deplored. Soon, however, an extraordinary sweet sensation began to fill me. It seemed as if my body was cradled in waves of voluptuousness. The feeling was so intense that I remember actually being motionless. The sensation mounted gently but irresistibly to an

orgasm that was one of the most thrilling I have ever experienced. I lay back, eyes closed, hopeful of the girl, unaware of anything but the sheer bodily sweetness she had engendered. I lay there for some time, wrapped in a sort of ecstatic apoplexy. Suddenly I became aware of a sort of pulsing, itching, glacial encroaching. Blood clamored, I glanced round. It was, of course, merely the young prostitute at the wash-basin, spouting over the screen and raising her mouth. I immediately let myself down.

Now of course one could hardly expect a hard-working professional

prostitute, who may fillow twenty or more men in an evening, to swallow the secret passion. I have since discovered that the spitting and moaning can be performed a good deal less consistently than was done at that first experience. Nevertheless, it always produces a jarring note.

The alternative to spitting on the discharged screen is, of course, to swallow it. What is there to be said for and against this procedure?

What, first of all, does a man like? Women, when questioned, tend to give a highly subjective impression. They will







any thing like "it depends on how you feel about the man" or "it varies different in different countries?" The most constant qualities I have discovered - admittedly on a small sample - are: women have a sixty-eight sixty-two figure; a fairly better after-taste. It also dists the mouth.

What form of its wholeheartedness? A novel point was raised recently in the correspondence columns of a glossy 'glamour' magazine. During a conversation on and on, a man went on to say that his wife was on a diet but had not been losing weight at the anticipated speed... Seeking a reason for the disappointing result she had asked her-

self if it might not be because she and her husband were fond of fiction. She obviously confused the product and wondered if this might be upsetting her diet. She was assured that the quantities involved were necessarily so minute that she would have to seek some other reason for her loss of weight.

It is nevertheless a fact that women are so rich that if a hard-working and prostitute were to swallow a regularly a might not prove to be a nutritional factor. However, women contain something even more notable than so rich array of proteins, enzymes, sugar and other nutrients. It contains spermatocytes. The amount of semen discharged in a

normal male ejaculation holds some 50,000,000 independent living organisms. This though might perhaps make the prospective swallow feel a little queasy. Let us put it in perspective. Much of the food that one puts into one's mouth also contains huge number of microorganisms. The vast majority of them, like spermatozoa, are totally harmless and perish as soon as they reach the stomach, which contains a substance of hydrochloric acid. But what about the moral man, if any? Is not purity of 'sterilizing life?' Yes, but only in the way that life is destroyed such time a man, conversative or indeed less an expert under any circumstances that do





not lead to conception. As a very conservative estimate ten thousand million spermatozoa are wanted for each one which unites with an egg cell to form, ultimately, a baby. A picturesque way of illustrating the huge prodigality of nature is to point out that one man masturbating ten times, or ten men masturbating once, brings enough spermatozoa into the world to double the population. Only nature need to be concerned at the loss of spermatozoa involved in anal sex.

Are there any other arguments against swallowing spermatozoa? An ancient theory, still whispered amongst women, is that swallowing semen causes a woman to grow a noseache. Is there any truth in this? None whatsoever. Even the professional prostitute could swallow her clients' semen without coming through with a nose to affect her secondary sexual characteristics.

There is thus no objective reason why a woman, if she is so inclined, should not swallow the semen of a man for whom she has deep feelings. It is certainly the logical and aesthetically preferable conclusion to an act of fellatio resulting in orgasm.

Now what about coitalorgasms? What orgasm is the adventurous most likely to encounter in and around the vagina? Women vary greatly in the amount of vaginal secretion they produce. Perhaps it should be emphasized that the normal secretions of the vagina is not caused by orgasm, although some women do tend to create a little under the stress of sexual excitement. Urine, however, is not a sexual lubricant and is, in fact, in healthy women going south. The other fluids the normal woman produces are mucus and Bartholin's lubrication and she keeps the vaginal mucus moist. The latter has a supplementary lubricatory role and is also intended to provide a variable but challenging (it is slightly acid medium for the spermatozoa. Member of these substances is common. They have a fluidy and wet, the vaginal secretions of healthy women, there, are no obstacle to coitalorgasms.

As long ago as 1906, T.H. Van de Velde, author of a phenomenally successful 'marital art' manual called 'Ideal Marriage', which is still going strong, declared that oral sex is an *extremely unimportant and feminine, sexually, aesthetically and hygienically* (His emphasis) He did, however, bracket on a cautious note about the necessity for 'perfect abstinence and withdrawal of the hands of both husband and wife' (in Van de Velde's world, of course, is in that of some up-to-date ecologists, no-one but husband and wife could ever find themselves in an intimate situation).







There are, nevertheless, several archaic hazards to oral sex and these must be specified. The most important is that of 'wet embolisms' and the role it plays in, *never* *flow* *into* *a* *girl's* *vagina*. This can lead to rapid death as a number of documented cases has shown. One such case concerned a girl of 17 who had left her husband to live with a man of 25. 'One evening', according to Clifford Allen, 'they decided to get drunk and after having drunk were a part of activity between them had intercourse. After it the man drew a deep breath and

flow into the woman's vagina. She suddenly collapsed and died before a doctor arrived.'

The post-mortem examination in the above case showed 'Thrombosis of the uterine vessels, filling veins, injection or admission of air into the uterine, with pulmonary embolism and dissection. Passage of air or other vital air agency into the blood, with cerebral embolism.'

This passage by Clifford Allen headed 'Vaginal Infarction as a form of Gaslock' contains another example of

this author's remarkable inability to find explanations for human conduct other than in terms of obscure psychodynamic theory. Allen writes 'The impulse (to blow air into the vagina) on the part of the man is psychologically obscure... One would love to hear Clifford Allen expatiating on the difficulty of imagining motive in a man idly rubbing his chin. To anyone who is capable of generalizing a little from his own psychology the impulse is not at all obscure or rather it too requires no further speculation. If a couple are engaged in





anal/penile contact and a man has thrust and rubbed a woman's vulva and clitoris, a night easily come to him to resemble the anal game by blowing. Children, as we have seen, commonly play blowing games. The vagina might be conceived as a balloon that could be partially inflated. But the introduction of air into the vagina is extremely dangerous at all times and the danger is greatly increased when the air is under pressure, i.e. when it is blown at. An embolism in the lungs and brain is probably the most serious possible consequence of any form of anal/penile contact. So - never blow into the vagina!

Is it equally dangerous to blow air into the penis? No. The urethral canal is in fact a *cul-de-sac* terminating in the bladder. There is little or no danger of air embolism. On the other hand, the prostate and delicate organs and the general rule should be gentleness at all times. A real danger to the penis is that of being punctured. This can occur accidentally, as a result of a genuine act of phallic aggression. The man's penis, of course, equipped with a range of sharp, hard implements, the teeth. Some people have extremely pointed canine teeth. In the excitement of an act of felatio, it can happen that the penis is bitten. One's

own tongue, after all, is not perfectly secure in one's own mouth. Most people have the experience of biting it from time to time. The risk of a laceration of the penis is greatly increased in positions such as fig with the man on top. If the man, under pressure of mounting excitement, thrusts very hard, particularly if he has a large penis, a woman may feel the penis being choked, pushed and bled. Moreover, it is not unknown for a psychologically disturbed girl to bite as a genuine act of aggression. This is naturally unlikely because a girl who bites a great deal of phallic fondleage would be unlikely to be performing felatio.











# A Lick In Time

"It's rather crowded here, isn't it, Mary? I would prefer to be somewhere a little more intimate with you. I'd suggest my place but it's in such a town, what with under-education and everything. That's one of the downfalls in moving to a new flat."

"Those's always my flat, Rick," Mary declared, trying her best to point in the way her favorite someone did, "It's not a palace but it's warm and cozy." Her voice lowered a tone. "And we shall be alone!"

Rick smiled; this was obviously going to be a lot easier than he had originally anticipated. He looked Mary up and down very slowly before he said anything more to her. She wasn't at all bad looking, if a little on the fat side for her

taste. Hadn't he always found, anyway, that the not quite so attractive females are the rarest ones? In many situations he could imagine Mary being very desirable; her body had a certain charm and if her voice was a trifle nasal, her blue bottom made up for that. No, Mary's trouble obviously lay in the fact that the other girls who worked in the laboratory were, on the whole, resembling her better. Mary didn't stand a chance in a beauty competition when compared to her work mates, but he could hardly punish her for that! Although he didn't want to hurt her - nothing was further from his mind - he did want to take advantage of her as he deserved it.

"Well, okay," he said slowly, "we'll go to your place. I'd like that

very much actually, but I wouldn't want you to think I was imposing on you. I mean..."

Mary ran him off with a little laugh. "Oh, Rick, don't be silly - I want to be alone with you, too." Mary bent forward to whisper again although the pub they were in was so noisy no one would have heard her, nor would they have cared if they had heard anyway!

"Rick, I think I want you. Do you know what I mean?" Rick could hardly believe his luck; he nodded secretively back to Mary and, inwardly, blessed his patron saint for leading to such an easy lay.

The couple hurriedly left the bar, drove speedily to Rick's car to Mary's flat and entered. As Mary switched on the light and deposited their coats, Rick saw that she had









indeed been right - it wasn't a police but it certainly seemed easy enough. The bed looked comfortable, Rick noted, and, after all, if his plans succeeded, that was his destination! From what Mary had been saying to him, he could not be the chance of this initial part of his overall plan failing in the slightest degree. He plunked down in a chair and prised the cork out of the bottle of wine he had thoughtfully procured on the way. Mary brought some glasses and then covered her self while she "changed into something more comfortable." "How quiet?" thought Rick, sipping at the cheap wine.

Noticing that she had not fully closed the bathroom door probably intentionally - Rick leaned forward and tried his best to spy on her as she changed. He had a better view than he expected; Mary had her back turned to him and was just slipping out of her dress. Her legs were behind, enclosed in tights and panties, looked well covered in flesh but rather shapely. She hooked her fingers into the top of her tights and pulled them - and her pantie - down. Her bottom was large, well rounded buttocks tightly fitting together over her thighs. "Now that's really something!" thought Rick, sipping his drink as he peered around the door. "That's some ball of a bottom. I don't know what's coming











over me, I used to like this bony girl best, but as I get older a bit of flesh interests me! I used to like seeing a girl from behind and being able to view her behind poking between her legs, but this Mary's bottom is so tight and flat I can't see between her thighs at all. (How! I like it; I wouldn't mind getting my hands around those buttocks!)<sup>1</sup>

Mary re-entered the room wearing a kimono style dressing gown and Rick had to admit that she looked very beautiful in it. He particularly noticed that, as the light shone through it from behind, the material became transparent and it appeared as though she was quite nude underneath. "She must be naked," he considered, looking at her and smiling. She sat opposite him and started drinking great

draughts from the tumbler of wine she'd picked up from the table. She also started speaking endlessly about, apparently, nothing. "That's the trouble with this girl," mused Rick, staring at her thighs where the gown had fallen open and trying his best to see more and more by adjusting his position. "she doesn't half chat away. Once she starts on something she can't stop. She'll tell you all her secrets if you let her. See, then, if she didn't my place wouldn't be any use so I'll have to live with it."

Rick's train of thoughts was interrupted; Mary was leaning forward in her chair. "Can I, then, Rick, can I?"

"Um, uh, oh, sorry Mary, I was miles away for the moment - actually I was admiring your fine

thighs. Can you wait?"

"Come and sit in your lap?"

"Yes, but!" Rick patted his thighs eagerly and, after depositing her empty glass, Mary sat on him. She wasn't as heavy as he'd expected - he was pleased to see - and, in any case, she hardly gave him time to consider her weight. As soon as she landed on his lap she started wriggling her thighs on top of his and, putting an arm around his neck, she moved her lips to his. "Where, now, are you sure you know what you're doing, Mary, now?"

"Oh, Rick, I want you... I want you... I want you..." her words tumbled out as their lips met in a large, wet kiss. Rick tried poking his tongue into her mouth but as soon as he did she pulled it back







with her own tongue and explored the recesses of his cheeks. Rick could feel his penis crying to rise under the weight of her thighs and, feeling a little confined in his trousers and pants, he put a hand down to adjust his penis's position so it had room to expand. "Don't do that, Rick - here - let me do it!"

No saying, Mary slipped on to the floor behind him and started pulling at his trouser belt. Rick hadn't exactly planned taking his trousers off but was willing to play along with anything she desired. After releasing his belt, she snatched his flies and, sticking his pants aside, pulled his semi-erect penis into her hands. "Oh, Rick, it's throbbing!"

"It would do so even more so if

you played it."

"I've never done that before-I'll give it a try, though."

She pulled his pants and trousers a little way down his thighs and hunching up, dropped her head to his lap. She seemed quite nervous, but that she was willing to play the game, Rick noted in her fervor. Her tongue just lightly flicked the top of his penis which, by this time, was already straining to full length. Her courage mounted, however; her lips, full and firm, slipped around the head of his glistening red and swollen flaking and sucking.

"For someone who's never done it before, you really know how to treat a guy on!" exclaimed Rick in a shaky voice. This gave Mary the

encouragement she needed - as Rick had hoped it would - and she started taking almost half the length of his rod into her mouth with each wet, silky slide. "You better stop that," warned Rick, "or - well, you never know what might happen. That's a loaded gun you're playing with and it could go off very easily!"

Mary stopped sucking for a moment. "You mean down into my mouth?" Rick nodded; Mary looked a little concerned, then she shrugged nonchalantly and dropped her head to his erection once more, saying, "Well, I'll be interested to find out what it tastes like!"

Rick laughed, let her suck a











little more, pulled her head up and told her he wanted to love her on the bed. He stood up and let Mary finish taking his clothes off. When he was completely naked she walked around, looking at his body and Rick, for maybe the first time in his life, felt a little embarrassed. He quickly grabbed her and the fell on to the bed in a giggling leap. Mary wanted to speak but Rick didn't let her - he knew that once she started chatting she would never stop.

Rick did down the bed, parted her knees and thrust his head between her thighs. Mary seemed to like the treatment - she thrust her body upwards to meet his descending face and started moaning occasionally when his lips met her labial lips. With his tongue flicking around first, Rick started working on her efforts and knew he was succeeding by the way her thighs were quivering. Looking at her body he noticed she wasn't really too fat at all, just well-built all over. And the way her legs shook was really something! He allowed his mouth to move up over her rounded stomach and come to laugh between. They were gentle, for Rick, by being tipped with pink, flat nipples instead of the dark

known crinkly ones he preferred. This didn't deter him from making them, however, and as he did so they arched and crinkled - much to his delight.

Rick slipped his hands under her body and squeezed her firm, large, rounded buttocks. They were certainly a treat! As he did this, Mary ran her hands down his back and felt pulling him upwards. He obeyed her wishes and moved up until the tip of his erection was level with her vulva. It felt very there - as though his entry would be easy. Making both churning and up-down motions, Rick inserted the head of his rod into her vagina. She closed him and moaned - she was obviously liking it.

As he did the rest of his shaft hit her feeling wet vaginas. Mary lifted her legs up high and wrapped them right around the back of his thighs. This allowed him to penetrate very deeply and, when he started thrusting in and out, he could feel the full length of his meaty erection being stimulated by the walls of her vagina. It was good - very good!

"Let me put my legs together, Rick, you'll like that! You're long enough on me, it's wonderful!" suggested Mary. Rick was willing to

do what she wanted but he also knew that, for himself, he would really prefer to keep his own thighs together - and therefore he fidgeted a bit to control his penis activity. Nevertheless, he did as she suggested, he spread his thighs wide and she dipped her together. As he did in and out with his erection the next few times, he marvelled at the feeling. Her thighs were so fat they added an extra tight hold on to his erection - there was also, extremely nice for it to slide in-and out of! Never before could he remember having felt so tightly secured in a woman; he thrust in and out slowly and with a great feeling of length. Mary started bucking her body upwards and suddenly burning into motion, thrust her legs wide open and changed her motion to a rapid gyration.

As she opened her thighs, Rick brought his together and it felt as though his erection did as an extra couple of inches. It was a marvellous sensation, he thrust downwards and, as Mary started to almost scream, he felt his sperm slung. Mary's voice became louder and louder until she let out an unbearable, high pitched wail. Rick's sperm blasted out of him



into the depths of her body in several snug spurts and he felt himself losing consciousness of his body - it was a great feeling!

After some dilly-dallying they made love once more; Rick was enjoying himself a lot more than he had expected to and Mary seemed to be well away! Eventually, however, the hour being very late, Rick got out of the bed and started dressing. He had decided to leave to go home and get some sleep - after all, there was still work to consider the following day!

"We will see more of each other, won't we, Rick?" Mary almost pleaded, fingering herself lightly and the boy smiled at the bed, sperm trickling out of her body.

Rick looked down on her; she wasn't the nicest looking woman he had loved, nor the one with the finest shaped body, but he had certainly thoroughly enjoyed their fling.

"Yes - of course we will - for a start I'll see you at the laboratory tomorrow. Good night love." He bent over and kissed her passionately. Then, waving a farewell in a sophisticated manner, he left her room.

All the way home in his car Rick considered the evening's events. "I damn, sometimes things become too complicated - after all, she is rather nice." He was confused a little - his plans were being thwarted by his feelings towards Mary. Rick considered himself to be a warrior amongst men, he should have known better than to mix feelings into his plans! "I only decided to take her out because she is such a nice chap. The other gossip, in fact, there's nothing else to call her. Now I know what women like her are like. She'll tell all the other girls what a great night she had, what a great lover I am - she won't be able to resist it. She'll embellish it beyond belief, of course, but they'll fall for it. Then - oh, I'll be irresistible to them all - all those beauties in the lab will be mine for the picking! And, oh, some of them are such beauties! I think I'll go through with my plan, tell Mary on some more and let her spread it around, let her tell them all the good news about me. Had it might be difficult, though, not to really fall for her. I'll have to try very hard." Rick yawned and parked his car; he knew he would have a good sleep that night!











